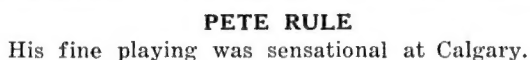


RUGBY

SIX PAGES

STARRED FOR VARSITY



Close Game Ends With Altomahs Winning 9-0 Victory Over Varsity in Third Game of Series

Varsity started a great offensive in the fourth quarter, following a

GALE, FRED: Captain; age 26; height, 5ft. 11in.; weight, 157; middle, best with Varsity 4 years; dependable line man and ball carrier.

BORGAL, E. V.: Age 25; height, 5ft. 11in.; weight, 166; Calgary Jimmies, C.C.I.; second year with Varsity; good offensively and defensively; plays inside.

PARKS, Len: Age 20; height, 6ft.; weight, 181; middle; first-class line plunger with plenty of weight; very dependable.

HUTTON, W.: Age 22; height, 5ft. 7in.; weight, 148; end; best end in game in Alberta; a first-class tackle and pass receiver with speed to burn.

MOIR, REG: Age 22; height, 5ft. 7in.; weight, 150; middle; real ability as a line plunger; first-class field player; ball carrier, plunger, and runner; good with hands; should be a valuable advantage to St. Mary's with Varsity and the team.

RULE, PETER: Age 20; height, 63; height, 5ft. 8in.; weight, 150; city junior team; has natural ability as a rugby player; good ball line plunger; a team leader.

MORTON, GUY: Age 20; height, 6ft.; weight, 150; middle; good for 4 years; good ball line plunger; a team leader.

SCOTT, GUY: Age 20; height, 5ft. 7in.; weight, 150; middle; dependable; good ball line plunger, and a team leader.

CAMERON, JACK: Age 22; height, 6ft.; weight, 168; snap; has invaluable record in first year in this position; tower of strength in pivot position.

HARGREAVES, BILL: Age 25; height, 5ft. 11in.; weight, 165; inside; good tackle and ball carrier.

HUTTON, B.: Age 18; height, 5ft. 7in.; weight, 148; end; looks good in his first year senior company; fast and courageous.

DALLAMORE, —: Age 20; height, 6ft.; weight, 165; half; good ball carrier and tricky runner; with juniors last year.

WILSON, DON: Age 20; height, 5ft. 8in.; weight, 167; half; fast and tricky, with a vicious straight arm.

RICHARDS, HAROLD: Age 23; height, 6ft.; weight, 153; half; fast runner with deceptive swerve; good for a broken field if end run.

SEMENIUK, —: Age 20; height, 5ft. 8in.; weight, 174; line; first experience with seniors, but he is making the grade; good tackle.

JESTLEY, L.: Age 24; height, 5ft. 10in.; weight, 154; end; lots of experience here; uses head as well as feet.

MALCOLM, C.: Age 19; height, 6ft. 1in.; weight 158; half; extremely fast on his feet, with all kinds of courage.

WILSON, R.: Age 19; height, 5ft. 8in.; weight, 162; end; fast and tricky; a dependable tackler.

WILSON, R.: Age 19; height, 5ft. 8in.; weight, 162; end; fast and tricky; a dependable tackler.

WILSON, R.: Age 19; height, 5ft. 8in.; weight, 162; end; fast and tricky; a dependable tackler.

Prime Minister Bennett Host to Rugby Teams and Officials at Palliser Hotel

(Continued on Page Six)

LEN PARKS
Proved dependable for Varsity

ACTUALLY CREATED BY ACCIDENT

Public School Scored

The next tirade was directed against the English public school system. His impressions of the schools were that they fostered a feeling of class consciousness and snobbishness. Public schools were created by accident, and at first were connected with the church. They were institutions where the wealthy could send their sons to keep them away from the "uncouth companionship of the village yokels." As far as he could see their purpose has changed little, and the people can at present ill afford the expense of them. Why they are

unfriendly towards Germany and relations were a bit strained with France. Now the opposite is the case. The English cannot put up with Germany's stupidity in regard to personal freedom and race differentiation. However, England is not "all-wise" herself, especially if one considers the foolish trade embargo she has placed on Russian goods. England can ill afford to be particular about her customers.

Dr. Alexander also mentioned that England's great difficulty in ruling imperially is that she acts and then

(Continued on Page Six)

Calgary: Halves, Sutherland, Williams, Thoms, McKenzie; quarter, Pitts-centre, Butters; insides, Fennell, Hagen; middles, Holmes, Mann; ends, French, W. McDonald, Cabs, Ellis, Harris, Eagleson, W. Baker, Roberts, Graves, Monney, Hines.

Varsity:

RINK NOTICE

Applications will be received by the Bursar up to 5 p.m., October 26th, 1933, for the position of Rink Manager and also for the renting of the Refreshment Booth. Full particulars may be had by applying to Mr. West.

Applications will be received by the Bursar up to 5 p.m., October 26th, 1933, for the position of Rink Manager and also for the renting of the Refreshment Booth. Full particulars may be had by applying to Mr. West.

Varsity.		Calgary.
MORTON.....	Halves	SUTHERLAND
RICHARDS		WILLIAMS
RULE		THOMS
SCOTT		McKENZIE
MOIR.....	Quarter	GITTUS
CAMERON.....	Snap	BUTTARS
BORGAL.....	Insides	FERGUSON
HARGREAVES		HAGEN
PARKS.....	Middles	ELLIS
GALE		MUNROE
HUTTON, W.....	Ends	FRIEND
ZENDER		McDOWELL

Varsity substitutes: Malcolm, Wilson, Dallamore, Mitchell, Semeniuk, Jestley, B. Hutton, Millar.

Calgary substitutes: Harris, Eagleson, Whittaker, Roberts, Graves, Morley, Hides.

OFFICIALS AT SATURDAY GAME

Referee—Archie McTeer. Umpire—Bill Broadfoot.

(Continued on Page Six)



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

Editor-in-Chief Chas. A. Perkins
Managing Editor Tom Costigan
Associate Editor Douglas McDermid
Associate Editor Chris Jackson
Associate Editor Wm. Epstein
Women's Editor Magdalena Polley
News Editor John Corley
Sports Editor Cec Jackson
Asst. Sports Editor George F. Casper
Feature Editor John Garrett
Casserole Ted Bishop
Proof Editor Harvey Johnston
Exchange Bob Scott

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Jack Tuck
Advertising Manager Ed. Davidson
Circulation Manager Bruce Whittaker

HOUSE DANCES

The weekly Saturday night House Dances have become a time-honored institution at the University. They have come to represent a much looked-forward-to break in the monotony of lectures and home work. They provide an excellent evening's entertainment at a negligible price. Their enjoyment is marred, however, by two factors—the impossibility of dancing well in the midst of a milling mob, and the depressing atmosphere of the drab surroundings.

If these Saturday night hops could be held in the dining room there would be a vast improvement all round. We recall the Christmas banquet and the final House Dance of the year, which is held in the dining room, with pleasure. Cheerful surroundings, no glaring lights, arm-chairs in the lounge, ample room to waltz, and the satisfaction of not being jostled or roasted alive.

The House Committee's objection to holding dances in the dining room seems to be that it would entail an extra expenditure. To our mind, the House Dances are not intended to be a money-making institution, but rather a means of inexpensive relaxation. Moreover, the attendance would not drop during the year, as has been the case in the past, if good dancing were assured. And consequently, with the maintenance of a large attendance, the added expense of holding the dances in the dining room would be more than offset. Even now the House Committee are realizing excellent profit. This profit could be well expended on the janitor's fee that would be necessary in order to hold the dances in the dining room.

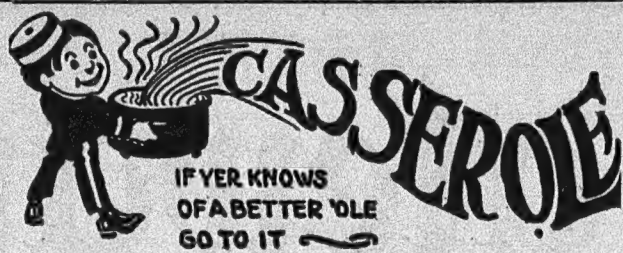
POLITICALLY CONSCIOUS?

Canada, in common with the rest of the civilized world, is feeling the effects of a wave of political consciousness. Tremendous factions are at work moulding and remoulding the political background of our life. Amazing experiments in government are being conducted in countries whose influence is felt in every corner of the globe. Tradition has been thrown to the discard, and new forms of government are evolving out of the political thought of the nations. Absolute democracy and dictatorship are players on the same stage. Thinking people cannot disregard this fascinating drama.

In our own country the government has been forced to stand a test, probably more severe than has ever been faced by any political party since Confederation, and the interest of the Canadian people has been focused on the struggle. During prosperity the government was virtually left alone between elections; today from Parliament House to relief camp the nation is watching intently every move of its administrators. The people have divided themselves into parties and factions, and are loud in expressing themselves through whatever medium is available.

To come still closer to home, this revival of an interest in politics has been reflected in the thought of the student body of the University. Requests have poured into the office of The Gateway from undergraduates for an opportunity to express their political thought. The University newspaper, for obvious reasons, cannot give space to a purely partisan discussion, but it can, and should, hear the students discuss the broader political principles.

Let us have your opinion as soon as possible to assist us in formulating our politics to meet with your satisfaction.



IF YOU KNOW
OF A BETTER 'OLE
GO TO IT
Wouldn't That be Nice
I'd like to be a little gnat
With gnot a thing to do.
I'd gnaw and gnibble here and there
And gnever stop 'till through.
Then when my head began to gnod,
I would gnot care a rap;
I'd put my little gnightie on,
And lie down for a gnap.

Have you hard about the Freshette in Pembina who is called "Arrow," because she quivers before every beau.

Jack Ford—The Varsity bus is terrible. It's so overcrowded.

Jay Burke—What are you kicking about? You got a seat, didn't you?

Jack—Yes, but poor Gwen had to stand up all the way home.

Mary had a little lamb.
With her it used to frolic.
It licked her cheeks in play one day,
And died of painter's colic.

She—When I married you I didn't know you were a coward. I thought you were a brave man.
He—So did everybody else.

Freshette—Don't; you can't kiss me new—mother is in the next room.
Senior—Can't she wait?

Don McLaws—Bring some ginger ale.
Waiter—Pale?
Don—No, just a glassful.

She (after proposal)—Oh, Jim, I can't marry you—I—I—I'm not good enough for you.
Jim Cherrington (dejectedly)—Aw, heck—just my luck!

I like a lawyer. Even more
I'm fond of a physician;
But I'll admit I'd die before
I'd sent for a mortician.

Mother—I think you'd be happier, dear, if you married a man with less money.
Daughter (Pembinita)—Don't worry, mother; he'll soon have less.

Harry Prevey—Doctor, can you cure me of snoring? I snore so loud that I awaken myself.
Doctor—In that case I would advise you to sleep in another room.

Mr. Nichols (to Freshette)—How did you like the barcarolle at the musicale last night?
Kay Stockton—I didn't stay for the refreshments, Mr. Nichols.

First—What's a dry dock?
Second—A physician that won't fill prescriptions.
Aw, that's an old one.

Bubbles Taylor—What's the matter between you and your boy friend?

Peggy O'Connor—I showed him one of my girlhood pictures with my father holding me on his knee, and he said, "My, who is the ventriloquist?"

Two backwoodsmen in Maine knocked at the door of a house at the edge of the forest. "Hello, Ed," said one of them to the farmer who came to the door. "Say, we come across the dead body of a man over in the hollow an' we kinda thought 'twas you."

"That so? What'd he look like?"

"Well, he was about your build—"

"Have on a flannel shirt?"

"Yep."

"Boots?"

"Yep."

"Was they knee boots or hip boots?"

"Let's see. Which was they, Charlie? Oh, yes, they was hip boots."

"Nope," said the farmer, "Twasn't me."

and sundry. After a consultation the boys were let go, and the police returned home, sadder, but wiser men.

How much don't you bet they will disguise themselves again at initiation time?—U. of West. Ont. Gazette.

"An Essay"

The following differentiation between a banana and a sausage is a valuable contribution to natural history. It is an essay on a banana, was written by a Japanese schoolboy, and first appeared in the "Malay Mail":

"The banana are great remarkable fruit. He are constructed in the same architecture style as sausage, difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrapping of banana.

"The banana are held aloft while consuming; sausages are usually left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being or stuffing machine, while banana are Pristine Product of honorable mother nature. In case of sausage, both conclusion are attached to other sausage; banana on other hands are attached on one end to stem and opposite termination entirely loose. Finally banana are strictly of vegetable kingdom while affiliation of sausage often undecided." — Dalchousie Gazette.

At Fordham it appears that the faculty are appointed by name. Father Deane is dean, a Father Whalen acts as dean of discipline,

Mr. Shouten is in charge of debating, and finally, a Mr. Vokel (pronounced vocal) is in charge of the glee club.—Lehigh Brown and White.

CAN YOU CHEW?

Read This and Chew Your Own Beer

"Drinks in some form or another are just as important to life as food." This profound utterance was made by a leading University Professor in tracing the history of liquor development throughout the world.

Although Beer was known in Babylonia and Egypt during the very earliest times, the origin is extremely vague. Beer was first made from barley, but in Africa it was a ceremonial beverage made from millet. We have tasted beer made from old boots, and once, when shipwrecked at sea, a potent beverage was brewed from tarred-rope ends. It appears, however, that the South Americans have got us licked to a fizzle, for they make their "Chica" by getting the old women to chew boiled maize, spit it into a bowl and add water. Try it some time, and write and let us know how you get on.

Distillation originated in China, where they distilled from a rice beer. Vodka, the Russian pastime, is distilled from rye and potatoes. Gin, stated the lecturer, was a spirit without flavour of its own (what the heck was it we drank on Tuesday—I can still taste it).

In Africa the natives drink beer on ceremonial and ritual occasions—and can they celebrate—too rite!—Honi Soit.



CANDIDUS MAKES GATEWAY

University of Alberta,
Edmonton.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—It may seem bold on the part of one who is neither a member of the Department of English nor of the great journalistic fraternity to criticize such a lofty institution as a newspaper, but as I am still staggering from the shock inflicted by your front page of October 13 (no reflection on the portraits), may I relieve my injured feelings in your columns? There must be many simple-minded people like myself who appreciate explicitness and intelligibility in headlines. Personally, I am inclined to doubt that those who prefer conundrums outweigh us in numbers. I also rather fancy that The Gateway, although its staff is not composed of professional journalists could, in the matter of headlines at least, set a good and much needed example to some of "Canada's great newspapers," which seem to delight in obscure titles. After all, your paper is produced in the immediate proximity of both dictionaries and grammars and a certain amount of intelligent thinking, and might be expected to show perceptible reaction to its environment.

This issue of your paper treats itself to unusually large type across the top of the front page to tell us that "Premier Bennett Makes Gateway." Unremitting effort since its publication has entirely failed to find an interpreter for this enigmatical statement. After having read your lady reporter's account of an interview with the Premier on the same page, however, I can only surmise that it is but a simple misprint, and should actually read "Premier Bennett Makes Getaway."

Another complete headline on the front page reads "Chemists Told Emil Fischer." I was under the impression that Fischer was a rather distinguished German chemist who died some fifteen years ago and expected, quite legitimately I think, an intriguing account of a spiritualistic seance, and was eager to read what the Alberta chemists told the great Emil. Instead I find the article merely an account of his life. But who could have guessed it?

In yet another headline I find the startling word "Impunctuality." Alas, I have been unable to find it even in the most ultra-modern dictionaries. Another headline informs me that Mr. Bennett is premier of CAN-ANDA. Proof reading might surely get as far as the headlines.

In yet another headline I find the unhappy expression "distant campuses." The latter word might conceivably be defended with some success, but it would require so little imagination to find a substitute less offensive and more euphonious.

I should like to believe, Mr. Editor, that the catastrophes on this front page are due to the fact that it appeared on Friday the thirteenth, but I seem to recollect others not unlike them on previous occasions. I draw your attention to them in the hope that your readers may in future be spared the pain of being asked to interpret headlines that mean nothing, of reading words that do not exist or look indecent in print, or that should have been censored by a competent proof reader.

Yours, etc.,
CANDIDUS.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to congratulate you and your staff on the excellence of the current issue of The Gateway (October 13).

The unique interview secured by Miss Evelyn Buxton was greatly appreciated by everyone, except possibly by a very few rabid political followers.

I trust, dear sir, that you and your staff shall keep up the high standard you have set yourselves.

I beg to remain,

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In reading the October 13th number of The Gateway, I was surprised and rather shocked to read certain remarks attributed to the Right Honourable R. B. Bennett in an interview with a Gateway reporter. The remarks to which I refer were part of the Prime Minister's reply to Miss Buxton's statement that University students were hampered in appreciating their opportunities by the fact that so many of them lacked funds to continue their studies, and had no prospects of employment when they did graduate.

The Prime Minister is alleged to have replied, in that pontifical style with which he usually repels contradiction or criticism, that University students were "too choosy." They felt they were entitled to make a choice. There was plenty of work to be done, but not "the kind they wished to do." He praised a student of his acquaintance who worked his way through with a pick and shovel, and inferred that his case was unique. He suggested that not many girls would do housework to get through. He said that University students would rather look to the government than go about their work. These were the reasons they couldn't find work.

Making all possible allowances for Mr. Bennett's tendency to exaggerate, those are inexcusably untrue and unfair statements. The majority of Canadian university students have done and are doing everything short of stealing or begging to get the necessary funds. Students have worked at everything from dishwashing to prospecting. His suggestion that only an occasional paragon would think of handling a pick and shovel is ridiculous. Generations of Canadian stu-

dents have handled those ill-paid and insulted implements. As for the girls and "domestic service," how many families are there in the average Western Canadian town or city who can still afford to employ a maid? Is that why students can't find work? Even Mr. Bennett ought to know that the depression is not a myth or an excuse. When hundreds of thousands of trained, experienced men, men with families to support, war veterans with special preference, men all the resources of relief departments and employment agencies behind them, cannot find enough work and wages to keep them from being a charge on the public, how is it to be expected that young men and women without experience or technical training can find work profitable enough to enable them to save the very considerable sums required for their fees and maintenance? That so many have done that is no small tribute to their courage and resourcefulness.

As for the charge that University students are looking to the government for help, that seems a little inexcusable. The chief measures of help which they have received from the government are a curtailment of facilities and a raising of fees.

It becomes the Prime Minister to sneer at the efforts of Canadian students to obtain an education in the teeth of conditions from which he has always been carefully insulated.

"A STUDENT."

ATTENTION, MR. TAURUS!

We want to congratulate the anonymous gentleman of Taurus fame who so refreshed his readers with his ingenious comments on the Wauneta "pow-wow," as I believe it was termed. The young man is doubtless an ardent supporter of the Oxford Movement. In regard to that query, however, we would like to suggest that he has fallen far short of the noble standard of the organization, for he has termed himself a "hypocrite" and a "chiseller." On some slight investigation (loquacity is a thing to be despised in an anonymous writer), we have discovered that he has been successful in "rushing" some woman (lady, we suggest, is a more respectful term). We do not

JACK CRAWFORD

Varsity
Beauty Parlor

Phone 31144 for Appointments

Private Booths for Ladies and
Gentlemen

We specialize in Permanent Waving,
Finger Waving and Marcelling

BOOKS

All the new worth-while Fiction, Biography, Travel, History books as issued we have.

KODAKS

Sold here with an expert knowledge.

Film Finishing

We give you perfect pictures.

STATIONERY

All your handy essentials can be supplied at our store.

A. H. ESCH
& CO., LTD.

Jasper at 104th Street

Blended Right!

For all who prefer a
Quality Cigarette

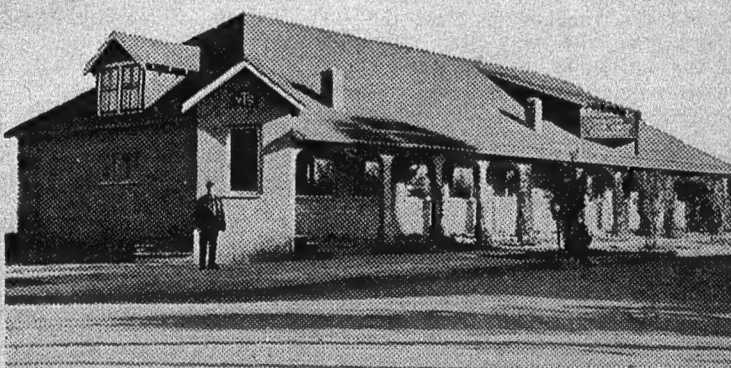


SAVE THE
POKER HANDS

THE BEST

Varsity
Tuck Shop

IN CANADA



The RAINBOW ROOM

IS FREE FOR STUDENT FUNCTIONS



Frosh Give Police Tomato Bath

Four policemen stepped out of a police flyer into a welcoming barrage of tomatoes Tuesday evening, when a group of embattled Frosh mistook them for Sophomores. The police, responding to a complaint against disturbances created in the neighborhood of Sydenham and Wellington streets, had removed their tunics and hats, and were wearing sweaters—could it have been a disguise?—when they appeared.

One burly officer made a grab for a peanut-sized Frosh, and in a moment there was a mad melee, in which the four officers got taken down, while tomatoes were rubbed on their faces and squeezed down their necks. The fun stopped all too soon when one policeman got his hand-cuffs loose, and the amazed Frosh discovered the identity of their victims.

The officers presented an odd sight as the majesty of the law brought the Frosh to subjection. They squeezed tomatoes out of their shirts; they combed tomatoes out of their hair; they wiped tomatoes off their faces. Then they donned their tunics, and proceeded to take the names of all

CO-ED COLUMNS

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS

By D.B.

In this novel the author has as his foundation the Andria, a comedy of Terence, who in turn, based his work upon two Greek plays written by Menander.

Thornton Wilder, who frequently employs unusual settings for his novels, in this story carries us to Brynos, one of the less famous of the Greek islands. Here, in the period following the decline of Athens, we catch a glimpse of old world society, its customs and usages, its limitations, its religion.

The selection is a simple story of life in a small but prosperous community, and emphasizes one phase of such a society—the unenviable position of a foreign woman in a Greek town.

Chrysis, a foreigner from the island of Andros, settles in Brynos, and gathers about her a colony of helpless people—aged, infirm, unbalanced—upon whom she lavishes care and comfort. These people are so dependent upon her for their very existence that they are alarmed when she absents herself from the house for any length of time. They are resentful when Chrysis is able to shut herself away from them for even a short while, for at that time they cease to be the pivot of her thoughts.

In the evenings, the Andrian entertains the young men of the town in her salon, where, after dining on foods strange to these Greek youths, the discussion of the poets and writers of the time is in order.

One who is most constantly in attendance at these banquets is Pamphilus, son of one of the town fathers. Although not an apt orator, he is an eager and interested listener, and Chrysis soon discovers herself to be more than ordinarily interested in him.

Chrysis has a young sister, Glycerium, upon whom she bestows all her love and affection. The young girl has led a very sheltered life, never having been allowed outside the house except at night, and then in the company of an old and trusted servant. As she grows older the child rebels at her imprisonment, and frequently steals away from the house. It is during one of these forbidden walks that she meets and falls in love with Pamphilus. Unwisely, they continue to see one another secretly. About this time, the Andria becomes seriously ill, and knows that she is dying. She accepts her fate cheerfully, having long ago considered her-

EGO

I watched a star,
Intent on seeing
How many times it blinked
Within a second.
It was a bright star.

There were smaller stars
About the big bright star,
Intent on smothering out
The vastness of that
Which lay about them;
Intent on smothering out
The dimmer glory of each other.

The big bright star looked on
And smiled, because it knew
How all the other stars
Formed its haze-gold halo,
And bowed and curtsied to it.

A star fell.
I looked again;
There were other stars.

—KADE.

self dead, as far as concerned her relations with the world about her.

After the funeral, arrangements are made to sell all members of her household into slavery, in order to pay for debts which have accumulated. Simon, the father of Pamphilus, buys Glycerium and takes her back to his home. Here the young girl, who is ill and unhappy, is cared for tenderly, but to no purpose, for three days after her admission into her new home both she and her child are dead.

The book portrays the sad and somewhat cynical philosophy of the outsider, who understands perfectly her position in the community, knowing she can never marry, and sensing the jealousy and distrust with which she is regarded by the Greek women.

Her pleasure is frequently marred by a sense of futility, a feeling that nothing is appreciated, that nothing is worth-while. True to human instinct, she buoys herself up time and time again with hope, but when at last she is dying, she realizes that what happens to us does not matter—the mind is the important thing.

The story links the present with the past. It shows how little we have changed in personality, how we still battle helplessly in the current of life, struggling to overcome the great barrier which convention has set upon us.

THOUGHTS ON RETURNING TO UNIVERSITY

I played all day in the Breath of Heaven,
And bathed, refreshed, in its cool-
ing dew,
I thrilled as I builded a stately
mansion,
A hallowed home for a soul made
new.

Oh, the joy of an eager Spirit,
Hid in the heart of a temple shrine,
Like a bell that swells in rapturous
melody,
Tones that are tolled by a Hand
Divine!

And now I come to the Hearth of
Learning,
Where flames the Light of Im-
mortal Mind,
Seeking the way to make a living,
Hoping the Way of Life to find.
—P.N.

It is estimated that more than 50 per cent. of the conversation of men between the ages of 20 and 40 is about women.

They call her checkers because she always jumps when you make a bad move.—Queen's Journal.

Phone 25996

CANADIAN HAT WORKS

The only place to have your hats cleaned and blocked properly, to look like new.

10026 Jasper Avenue

A FROSH NIGHT

For the first time in its history, the Dramatic Society is to hold a special night for the display of Freshman talent. Hitherto only the odd half-dozen out of scores of enthusiasts have been fortunate enough to secure a footing in any dramatic line during their first year. And this was more often a question of luck and nerve than of talent. Next week the Frosh are putting on a complete show. A number of small skits and short plays, directed by upper-class students, will give a greater proportion of beginners an opportunity to display their histrionic talents. From the cream of this test will be drawn the material for the Fresh play entered in the Inter-year Play Competition early in December, and even for the big Spring Play beginning after Christmas.

So now's the time to practise those lip movements in front of the mirror and to walk twenty-five steps a day with a French and a Latin dictionary balanced on your head. (That's for form and poise, which they say U. of A. women lack on the stage.)

Oh, yes, another thing—if you have the slightest ghost of an English accent, play it up for all you're worth. That is a sure-fire entrance to the bright lights of our dramatic circles.

How Are Your Glands Today?

Isn't it astounding that so many things happen because our glands get temperamental? Noel Coward's "Cavalcade," Hitler's "goings-on" in Germany, Henry the Eighth's wives, Liberals and Conservatives are entirely a matter of mood, and, I believe glands are the basis of these. It's rather fun to think that, had Bernard Shaw eaten sausages rather than whatever he did eat when he was rather younger, he might not have had indigestion the way he has it now. At least, I suppose he has it; nothing else but gout would explain his views. However, to get back. Moods are very contagious—that I suppose can be attributed to the weather—or the effect of emotion on the glands, or something. An example of this disease was in last week's Gateway in the form of uni-

versal dissatisfaction with everything and everybody.

Miss Buxton and Mr. R. B. Bennett had a little heart-to-heart talk on the front page, but it was quite evident from the tone of the conversation that their glands were not in harmony. Maybe he's a woman-hater; you can never tell about bachelors, can you? Of course, he may not have liked the reporter's light-hearted suggestion that Canada need not pay her debts. Let's not, and pretend that we did—I wonder if our debtors would play too. At any rate, Mr. Bennett shouldn't have pointed his finger—it's really very rude.

The disparaging remarks made about the Wauneita by some misguided youth were terribly obvious. Won't anyone ask him to the dance? The poor dear must have a bad habit of wiping his shirt front on his partner's faces. I guess he wears a red tie around Varsity so the lipstick won't show. What a bright lad! If anyone is ill-advised enough to invite him to the dance, I would suggest that black shoe polish on his tux would be a subtle hint that his manly bosom is no place for snuggling—this also saves a cleaning bill, as a fresh coat of blacking may be applied before the suit is worn again. I'm sure from his writing that he's just a Bohemian at heart, and would not feel that convention alone justified his asking the young maiden to a formal. One tablespoon of castor oil mixed with a half-a-teaspoon of soda and a cup of orange juice would bring his glands back to normal as long as he doesn't persist in climbing out of bed backwards.

The "Essay on Women" was written by someone with something radically wrong with all his glands—but not his head. As clever a piece of poetry as I've read in The Gateway, but lacking the lightness of touch that makes the true artist. Somehow or other, I had a primitive urge to feed him the Lifebuoy soap with which he so glibly ended his doggerel. The quotation came to me as I read it: "Oh! that one so young should be so bitter!" He well might have taken a lesson from his brother-poet who wrote on the same subject, but with a philosophic note in it that made it infinitely more en-

TRACK TROPHY



U. of A. women students win decisively, to retain the Rutherford Trophy for Alberta for second successive year.

DOROTHY BOWERING LEADS NURSES

The first meeting of the B.Sc. Nurses' Club was held on Monday, Oct. 16, at 4:30 p.m., in the Med Wauneita room. Election of officers took place, and resulted as follows: President, Dorothy Bowering; Secretary, Jean Smith.

The next meeting, which will be held in the form of a tea, will take place at Miss Betty Farquharson's home on Thursday, Oct. 26.

The club intends to have several speakers, and are looking forward to a real peppy year.

Phone 27535

Veteran Taxi

50 Cents

OVERTOWN

10750 Jasper Ave., Edmonton

Taking The Bull By The Horns

Taurus, the bull, is on the rampage again. Heaven knows what started him off this time. There is a peculiar absence of red in the autumn's foliage, so it couldn't have been that. It may have been his own reflection in the mirror. That red tie is small, but the color certainly is concentrated. Anyway, there he goes, head down and nostrils snorting.

Hitherto he has reserved his bellicose roars to china shops, Arts rotundas and Law libraries. But this time he has barged right into the Wauneita rooms and frightened the poor Wauneitas out of their wits. Some of them are actually staying home from the big dance because they fear motives will be impugned to them. After assimilating enough cash, courage and coyness to inveigle some wary male to the said shindig, it would be gruesome to have motives insinuated. No, rather sit at home in Victorian meekness, with the hidden prayer that perchance some virile, forceful he-man (like Taurus) will scent the violet growing in the shade and take it to his bosom.

We love the gallant old spirit of the aggressive male faring forth to court. Such masculinity overwhelms us. We have a mental picture of the raging bull being meekly led by some small white hand down a gracious line of Wauneita hostesses. But, of course, it can be only a mental mirage. Such an astute commercial head as Taurus would think twice before devoting to feminine service a body which, when boiled down, would make hundreds of bottles of the most excellent Bovril extract.

—W. H.

joyable. Mr. Shortliffe gladdened my heart by his dissertation on Intellectuals—he is the type of glands I adore. Not that I agree with him. Certainly not! I think that academic people—though given to moods—are darlings. Heaven help us, though, if they started lending their brains in aid of the social welfare of the nation (don't you love that phrase?), we would be in a messier mess than we are in now. And, boy-O-boy, it was a great depression while it lasted! Still he made me glad that I was just a healthy, happy citizen.

So I hope I've made myself clear on the subject of these odd little organs—(they are organs, aren't they? ask Gerry Burke)—and the dire effect of them in print. Let's all chip in and buy The Gateway staff a bottle of cod liver oil and watch them improve.

Funny things, glands.

—F. M. J.

FRENCH and SPANISH

Spoken for students of Languages

THOMPSON & DYNES

HAIRDRESSING AND BEAUTY PARLOR

Convenient Scale of Prices

Permanen Waves, \$5, \$7, \$10

Finger Waves, 50c, 75c

KING EDWARD CAFE AND ROSE ROOM

Sunday Dinner

OCTOBER 22nd

Full Course Dinner—50c

Served Every Sunday from 12 to 8 p.m.

Fruit Cocktail
Consomme Cream of Tomato
Celery Olives

CHOICE OF
Fried Oysters, Tartar Sauce, Shoe String
Potatoes

Tenderloin Steak, French Fried Onions
Roast Turkey with Cranberry Sauce
Half Roast Spring Chicken with Jelly
Baked Potato French Fried Potatoes
Cauliflower in Cream Sliced Tomatoes

CHOICE OF
Fresh Strawberry Short Cake
Fresh Blueberry Pie a la mode
Pumpkin Pie
Deep Plum Pie and Whipped Cream
Vanilla or Chocolate Ice Cream Lemon Pie
Tea Coffee Milk

50c

Full Course Lunch Served Every Day

25c and 35c

ROSE ROOM

Now available for Private Parties, Dances, Banquets or Meetings

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!



HAROLD LAUER and his MUSIC

DINE and DANCE
EVERY
SATURDAY NITE

COVER CHARGE 10c

What's in a Name?

For two generations Dittrich Clothes Shop has supplied the ultimate in fine clothing and fine haberdashery to Edmonton men.

Men swear by, not at, our hand-tailored clothes, made to their intimate requirements in our own tailoring shop.

Suits and Overcoats, tailored to measure, from \$22.50 up

Dittrich Clothes Shop

Fine Haberdashery

10164 101st Street

Opposite Metropolitan Store

FOR SATISFACTION

TRY

SNOWFLAKE LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANERS, LTD.

10404 98th STREET

Phones 21735—25185—25186

GILLESPIE AND MALCOLM WIN HONOURS IN MEET

Saskatchewan Wins Men's Inter-Varsity Track Title

BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF JUMPING IN MEN'S DIVISION—ALBERTA WOMEN RETAIN RUTHERFORD TROPHY

The biggest thrill of the day, that of the finish of the men's 880-yard relay, brought to an end the annual Western Intercollegiate Track and Field Meet, held here Saturday. Two new records were established and two existing records were equalled. To Beatrice Gillespie and Clare Malcolm of Alberta go the individual championships. Saskatchewan retains the Cairns Cup with 77 points to Alberta's 63, while Alberta retains the Rutherford Trophy, emblematic of the western women's championship, with 54 points to Saskatchewan's 22.

Despite the cool wind that was blowing over the grid all day and the clouds that were hiding the warmth of the sun's rays, the athletes of both teams contested bitterly for the honors. Numbed muscles were looked at with disdain as the two rivals made their bid for the championship, setting two new records and equalling two others.

Records Shattered
Jim Panton, of Saskatchewan, making his first appearance at an intercollegiate track meet, cleared the bar with perfect style at 5ft. 11in. in the high jump to shatter the existing record of 5ft. 9in. set by his team-mate, Clive Gerry, in Winnipeg in 1929.

Bob Cruickshanks, of Alberta, and Dave Kirkbride, of Saskatchewan, tying at 10ft. 11 1/4 in. in the pole vault, set a new record for that event, bettering the old mark of 10ft. 11 1/2 in., held by Creasy of Manitoba, by 1/4 in.

Bea Gillespie Shines
Bea Gillespie, representing Varsity for the first time, shone in the women's division, equalling the existing record of 7 2-5 secs. for the 60-yard dash, besides taking the women's individual honors.

The other mark to be equalled was in the men's 100-yard dash, when Harold Riley, Varsity's sprint star, rocketed his way down the cinder lane to cover the distance in 10 1-5 secs., beating Panton of Saskatchewan by a margin of only two feet. This record is also held by Harold Wright of Alberta and L. Cohen of Manitoba.

Score Decisive Victories
The Alberta ladies scored decisive victories in all but the broad jump. The performance of Bea Gillespie in winning the 60-yard, 100-yard and 220-yard dashes, of Jenny Filipkowski in winning the discus, javelin and baseball throws, and of Irene Barnett in winning the high jump, left little to be desired. The Saskatchewan ladies, Dorothy Rutherford, Phyllis Haslam, Margery Wheelock and Edith Lewis, gave a good account of themselves, placing in every event, but were no match for the Alberta stars. To Margery Wheelock goes the credit of taking Saskatchewan's only first place in the women's division, that of the broad jump.

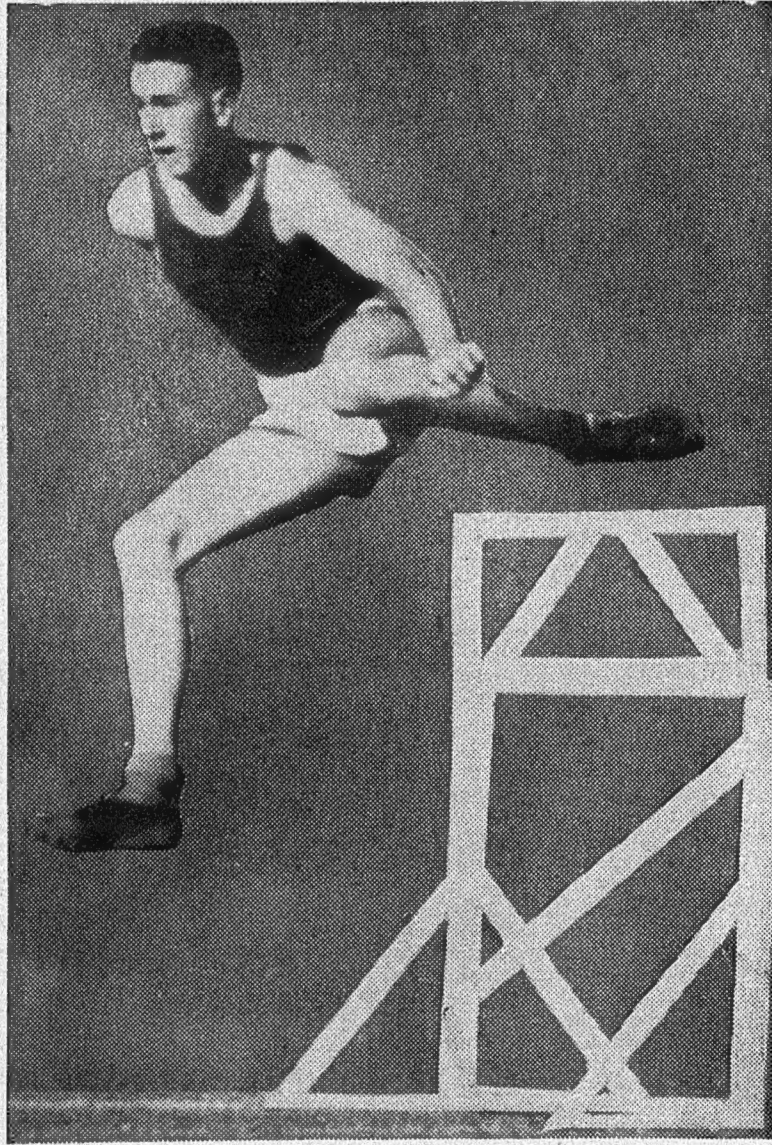
Strong Team
In the men's division, Coach Joe Griffiths, of Saskatchewan, presented one of the strongest teams seen here for some time. In Jim Panton he has one of the neatest high jumpers of Western Canada. Bob Rowed won sweeping victories in all of the distance runs, taking the lead at the start in the 880-yard, 1 mile and 3-mile races, and finishing strongly far ahead of the other competitors.

POME

Is there anything more discouraging
Than going to a big game!
And cheering—for your boys,
And jeering—for their boys,
And then watching the home team
absorb a 30-0 licking
Which costs you ten
Iron men.
Ah, Me.

—R. M.

HURDLE FLASH



CLAIR MALCOLM

Who starred for Varsity in the hurdles at the Intervarsity Track Meet Saturday.

Kirkpatrick, the husky 6ft. 5in. athlete from the neighboring province, had it much his own way in the weights, winning the hammer throw, shot-put and discus. Crosby placed first in the broad jump and in the javelin throw. Kirkbride was outstanding in the pole vault with Cruickshanks of Alberta. The other members of the team, Farrell, Armit and Gerry, although not reaching the fore in any of the events, all placed in several and accumulated many points towards the winning of the trophy.

SPORTING GOODS

We carry everything in the line of Sporting Goods at very moderate prices

UNCLE BEN'S EXCHANGE

Est. 1912. Phone 22057

SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

Now for the last stand.

When the Indians come here on Saturday to meet the Bears the result will be the "crucial" game of the season. A win for the Calgarians will give them another provincial championship, and delegate the Varsity to the intercollegiate competition with U.B.C.

On the other hand, if the Bears pull out with a win, the series will be prolonged one game, and the winners of the extra contest will meet Vancouver Meralomas in Alberta on November 4th.

There is no reason to believe that the Green and Gold cannot repeat their feat of Thanksgiving Day, when they took the southerners 12-2. Although they were far from playing their best game in Calgary on Saturday, they might easily have won or tied if two plays had worked at the right time.

One was a forward pass that was incompleting on the goal line, and the other an attempted drop-kick from fifteen yards that went into the line of scrimmage.

Injuries have cut holes into the Thanksgiving Day team, however, and Saturday will see the Bears without the services of Smith, Kramer, Creighton and Gordon.

Clare Malcolm will be in the half-line for the first time this season, and his booting will enable Guy Morton to get a few minutes' rest during the game. The rest of the backfield duties will probably be handled by Morton, Scott, Rule, Richards and Wilson, although Coach Wilson has made no announcement of his lineup so far.

ON BEHALF OF SASK. TEAM

Oct. 13, 1933.

It is getting to be quite a feat now to break any W.C.I.A.U. records, and the record-breakers of today are to be congratulated on their fine performance.

I would like to express my thanks for the fine treatment we have received during our stay in Edmonton. I admire the friendly spirit which has prevailed throughout the whole meet amongst the competitors.

E. W. (JOE) GRIFFITHS,
Phys. Inst., U. of S.

Cameron (after decorating the bench for the first fifteen minutes)—Let me in there, Coach.

Coach Wilson—No, I'm saving you. Cameron (ten minutes later)—Let me in now, Coach.

Wilson—No, I'm saving you. Time marches on. The game is over.

Cameron to Coach—What were you saving me for, Coach?
Wilson—The Wauneta.

ARTS-COM TROUNCE AG-LAW GRID SQUAD

Arts-Com Win Decisive Victory by 5-0

The Arts-Com battled to a 5-0 decision over the Ag-Law squad on Monday, to win their first game of the season. Turning out in full force, they had the better of the play throughout, being seriously threatened only once when Harold Riley was away for a touchdown, making a wonderful run, only to be dragged down by Don McLaws.

Riley and Malcolm were outstanding in the backfield for the Ag-Law, making several spectacular dashes for gains of ten to thirty yards, while A. Carlyle played real rugby on end. For the Arts-Com, Denovan shone in a long run for a gain of 30 yards, while Blue, McLaws and Pfrimmer were the mainstays of the backfield, and Lewis held up the line in great style.

The Arts-Com kicked off to start the game. The play roamed up and down the field with end runs prevailing, especially throughout the first half. When Riley made his run he had only McLaws to beat, but Don stood the test, bringing Riley down on the Arts-Com twenty-five yard line. The Arts-Com retaliated, however, by completing a forward pass, and the half ended with the play hovering around the Ag-Law five-yard line.

In the second half the Arts-Com kicked for a point, but Malcolm saved by recovering the ball and kicking it back out of danger. However, due to a fumble on the part of the Ag-Law, gave the Arts-Com a first down on their five-yard line, and on the second down McLaws went over the line on a cross-buck for a touchdown, which he failed to convert, giving the Arts-Com a 5-0 decision. The rest of the play was ragged, due to the lack of sunlight, many of the spectators, however, were disappointed that it was not darker than it was, so that some of the twilight plays of the past could be put into execution. The game was handled by Al Robertson, while Cooper and Yoachim acted as linesmen.

Excuses for oversleeping and missing 8 o'clocks are being done away with at Ohio University. Four band members will play reveille from the library steps to arouse late sleepers.

VARSITY LOSES SOCCER TILT 4-3

South Siders Overcome Two Goal Lead to Register Win

Varsity opened the soccer season Saturday by losing 4-3 to the South Side. The play was fast and remarkably clean, no fouls being made by either team.

From the kick-off the South Siders began attacking, and they pressed hard. The Varsity forwards could not penetrate the South Side defence. The play was kept in front of the Varsity net for some time, and Lothian scored his first one for the visitors from a scramble. The play swung back and forth for some time, until Givens scored on a low easy shot from outside the penalty area when the South Side goalie misjudged the speed of the ball. Varsity continued the fast play, but the forwards passed up several opportunities. Gaudin put Varsity one up when he scored on a hard drive after baffling the South Side defence with his brilliant headwork. Play moved from goal to goal until half-time.

Shortly after the breather Gaudin put Varsity two up when he headed in a corner kick by Givens. Varsity kept the South Side defence busy for a short time, but the superior team-work of the visitors soon demonstrated itself when Lothian, Davison and Kelly scored in quick succession on well organized attacks. Both defences were kept busy as play swung from end to end until the whistle blew.

Every member of the Varsity team expressed the desire of meeting the same team again this season. They were real sportsmen.

Phone 27651

Muckleston's

BEAUTY PARLOR AND BARBER SHOP

10316 Jasper Avenue
Few doors west of Hudson Bay



Model No. 826—Airy, swanky three-button double-breasted Ulster



Model No. 827—Smart three-button Raglan with open notched lapels.

Right in Time for the First Flurry of Cold TIP TOP TAILORS WINTER OVERCOATS

Right on the heels of the first cold snap come these choice Tip Top Tailors overcoat fabrics—a genuine "snap" themselves. Never in Tip Top Tailors history has there been such a varied selection of handsome, luxurious fabrics. Friezes, tweeds, broadcloths and many more distinctive overcoatings in smart greys, blues and browns—ready to be hand-tailored to your personal

measurements. Visit this store now. Get all set for cold weather. Choose your fabric and color—make your selection of smart Guards, Ulster, Raglan or set-in styles. Every Tip Top Tailors overcoat carries a positive guarantee of satisfaction—easy-fitting, yet warmly comfortable overcoats that excel in style, workmanship and long and consistent wear.

Your unrestricted choice at one price

\$24.00

TIP TOP TAILORS
MADE-TO-MEASURE

10123 Jasper Avenue

PHONE 23456

McNEILL'S 50c TAXI

HEATED SEDANS



SERVE E.C.D. VELVET ICE CREAM

And give your affairs and dances the real "party touch"

BULK—BRICKS—DIXIES
Novelty Moulds for Special Occasions

Edmonton City Dairy, Ltd.
PHONE 25154

Heated Garage For Rent

PHONE 31918

11049 89th Avenue

Near Algonquin Apartments

(Continued on Page Six)

THE ERRIN DUKE

It was the good ship Government, which sailed depression's sea: And the skipper had taken along his pals to bear him company.

The ship was but a few years old, supposedly stout and strong, in the grip of the waves she staggered and rolled as if she had been built wrong.

The skipper stood upon the deck with his hired hands grouped around. Said one of them, "I'd like, by heck, to know where we are bound."

"I'll decide that," the skipper said, "for I'm the big noise here; The people's choice, via campaign funds, I may soon be an English peer."

Then up and spoke an old sailor, who had sailed these seas before:

"I pray thee change your course, or else we'll be in trouble galore.

The passengers tire with monotony, and begin to think you're daft;

To be sailing on in such rough seas, which must surely swamp our craft."

The skipper's face grew flushed with ire, and a scornful laugh laughed he:

"The passengers? They only pay the bill. They're of little account to me.

It's the owners in Montreal who put me where I am today,

Their orders must be obeyed, for here's the place I mean to stay."

Colder and louder blew the wind, a gale from the prairie west;

The passengers shuddered and cowered in fear, but the skipper was not impressed.

Down came the storm and smote the ship, which shook like a broken reed,

The passengers desperately protest, but the skipper would not heed.

Through the long dark night the ship drove on, the skipper in a stew;

Towards dawn she crashed on a jagged rock and sank with most of her crew.

The few survivors rescued were cold, exhausted and wet,

They cursed the skipper who'd risked their lives by the unwise course he'd set.

They vowed that they'd never again entrust their lives to such a skipper as he,

Who thought only of cargo and profits and let his passengers sink in the sea.

"VOX POPULI."

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS
PART I

By Arthur Bierwagen

When on Sept. 18, 1931, the island state of Japan in defiance or total disregard of a scandalized world, embarked upon her now historic course of prosecuting an undeclared war against her colossal but pathetically helpless neighbour China, she brought home admirably to a somewhat lethargic community of nations the devastating truth that the minor political boat-rockings of the preceding decade were as nothing compared with the destructive potentialities of the tidal waves which loomed ahead. Gone were these last vestiges of Wilsonian idealism which had already been worn so thin by the time the Treaty of Versailles was signed. Gone, the lazy and comfortable optimism with which a weary post-war world had allowed itself to become drugged. And more disastrous still, gone was the confidence of a suffering humanity in that hope of hopes, the League of Nations, born after four years of bloody travail. Indulgent skepticism gave way to disillusionment, and disillusionment gave way to fear. Before another year and a half had passed Japan gave notice of withdrawal from the League. The cause of peace had suffered a damaging blow.

For a brief space the world maintained a stunned silence, broken only by the querulous complaints of a few righteous souls. Then all the Utopian pacifists, the clergymen, the women's clubs, and the journalists broke into a bedlam of protest, and deluged their governments with letters, petitions and resolutions. But the hue and cry raised by this strangely assorted pack as it caught the scent and took up the trail of the outlaw proved unavailing, for this time the quarry was more than a furtive fox. It was the Japanese puma, a dangerous animal, which howled its resentment at so much noise, and boldly revealed its teeth. The righteous governments feared and avoided him, and even the Utopian bloodhounds were at length content after yelping themselves out of breath, to permit the unmanly brute to continue its depredations against the Chinese fold unmolested.

Then a pleasant diversion from this profitless chase appeared. Strange and sinister manifestations of a national awakening became evident among the godless peoples who inhabit the dark country north of the Rhine. A sick, chastened and much bedraggled black eagle, securely caged and fettered by the just Treaty of Versailles, began to rattle his chains, and actually succeeded in the year of grace 1932 in partly disengaging himself from them. Inside another year his screams and antics were creating a frightful disturbance which worried in no small degree the less offensive creatures which populate our international zoo. The innocuous French eagle, which throughout the centuries has stood forth as the symbol of peace, the British lion, which has always been the emblem of justice, and to a lesser degree the great white-headed American eagle, which, as everyone knows, represents liberty, were very apprehensive, and the dove of peace suffered excruciating palpitations.

Forgotten for the moment was Japan. The pacifists, the Utopians, and the righteous people in general worked themselves up into veritable convulsions of protest and indignation, and are still fearfully convulsed. The execrations heaped upon Japan were as nothing to the anathemas which now rent the welkin and still reverberate across the firmament. The unspeakable Hun was once more threatening to plunge the

world into barbarism and blood, and must be taught his manners all over again. What an occasion for Christian peoples the world over to work themselves into another frenzy!

Far indeed be it from any of us to "sit in the scorners' seat and hurl the cynic's ban." Every intelligent young man and woman of this generation must feel with the writer that the outlook is far too sad to be treated merely with a superior cynicism, but it does seem nevertheless that we might well profit by a little less of righteousness and a little more of common-sense. Ours is the generation which has inherited this ghastly legacy of hatred, suspicion and material want; and ours is the generation which must eventually effect some means of escape. In our impotence and despair we have damned the League, we have damned the governments, we have damned the Japanese; we have damned the Communists, the Nazis, the Fascists and the armament manufacturers. Only two entities have escaped which might well bear a little well-directed damping—our journalists and our humble selves.

In levelling this impartial criticism against the journalist and the man in the street, I am not insensible of the fact that both may be essentially sincere in their views and well-meaning in their intentions. Neither do I attempt to deny that it is the function of the journalist to keep the public well informed, and the duty and privilege of the ordinary citizen to form a free and unbiased opinion upon what is happening. But your journalist, unfortunately, is prone to indulge in sensationalism, and your man in the street is prone to accept it without question and to base what he considers his fair and impartial opinions upon it quite unconsciously of the fact that he builds upon a substructure which all too frequently is hollow and rotten. Your journalist is essentially a man of quick perception, ready pen and dashing style; a man who has a quick eye for choice and colorful morsels of news, and a genius for preparing and dishing them up to the public in the most tempting form. The result is that our journalistic information generally takes the form of a tasty relish rather than that of good wholesome meat. In the field of international affairs, as in any other realm of human knowledge, phenomena can be safely interpreted only by trained and impartial scientific observers, who in this particular field must be equipped with an adequate knowledge of political, historical, sociological and economic fact. But the sober pronouncements of the prosaic gentlemen rarely crash the newspaper headlines, being relegated instead to a few excellent books and periodicals perused only by a relatively small number of intellectuals. Your professional headline artist is seldom distinguished by the profundity of his historical knowledge and his ability to judge of events in the light of historical cause and effect.

This is a time for plain speaking, especially in our universities, whence fearless thought and leadership ought now to come. I have personally no hesitation in denouncing newspaper sensationalism as one of the worst enemies to the cause of peace, and I conceive that there can be nothing worse for the world in its present state of frayed nerves than to have a host of clever phrase-mongers dining perpetually into its ears the threat of imminent war, and instilling into its people the insidious poisons of mutual suspicion, fear and apprehension. Let us get down to basic facts. Wars are but conditions of our own creation, the products of our feverish imagination, and armaments are but little more than outward manifestations of a national state of mind. Too much emphasis has probably been placed upon disarmament as a permanent cure for all our ills. Pick the scabs from your sores if you will, but the infection which causes them still lies beneath. Neighbours may hate and distrust one another with quite as much fervor if both are unarmed as if both carry shotguns. Nationalistic feuds and rivalries existed long before the advent of modern armies and navies, although these have certainly served to enrich the tragic possibilities of international strife. If the doughty gentlemen whom we delegate to attend disarmament conferences derive academic pleasure from their philosophical discussions of such abstruse problems as what, for instance, constitutes an offensive weapon, far be it from us to spoil their good, clean fun. Much good is indeed to be derived from some immediate solution, at least partial, of the disarmament problem, especially in so far as it would serve to relieve our struggling taxpayer of an almost intolerable burden. But surely the attempts of the past year in this direction have demonstrated the futility and probably even the fatal error of concentrating almost entirely upon this problem as a means of effecting a permanent solution to the problem of world peace. Germany, for instance, has refused to continue further in disarmament discussions except upon a basis of equality, while

(Continued on Page Six)

A NOTE OF REGRET

The oration delivered before our august assembly on Thursday, Oct. 12th, inflamed the anger of many aspirants to poetic fame in our midst. To include all the submitted poems would have been to publish a small anthology, so only representative ones appear in our columns.—Feat. Ed.

AM I A MISFIT?

By T.C.

To doubt one's ability or one's utility might be pessimism. To question the correctness of one's decisions or one's state of existence might be the very zenith of bravery.

Whether it is better to go through life with your ambitions hitched to a star disregarding all ominous dumbledings and warnings which inevitably crop up and suppressing the tell-tale marks of mistake and error, or to listen intently to every precursor of disaster, is a very difficult decision to make. Happiness can best be achieved by absolute negation of the grim realities of life by living with absolute hope in things turning out for the best and by hiding behind a cloak of unfounded and illogical optimism.

It is upon introspecting into the nature of such things that I have gradually come to the realization that possibly I must have come upon the earth through mishap, and that really after all I was designated for some other planet, whether better or worse than this it is difficult to tell.

I walked last week down the corridor on the second floor of the Arts building, and when I came to the centre of the hall I was struck by a group encircling a square piece of what looked to me to be cardboard, and gazing with wrapt admiration at this material. From their lips dropped sighs of perfect surrender, and to all intents and purposes their souls had forsaken their bodies to unite with some absolute perfection. The signs of worry and strain so common to student faces had vanished. They were enjoying perfect bliss.

The centre of their attention was this material of which I have mentioned above, and on which appeared the portrait of a young woman, at least it looked to me as though it were a young woman, although it took me a long time to decide if the person were male or female.

I gave an almost inaudible grunt of disapproval and strode on. The worshippers apparently had a rude awakening, for they turned, and I could feel their icy glances penetrate to my backbone. I am sure that they will look upon me as a boor for evermore. I am therefore not artistically inclined. I have not that subtle aesthetic sense which should characterize the modern educated man.

When I go into the main library I am struck forcibly by the tensed expression on the faces of the inmates. They seem oblivious to all external affairs. But when I try to study there I find myself looking up whenever the door opens, or whenever a

WHAT!! REPUDIATE?

Friend R. B. thinks we students should be seen and not heard. That our theories of recovery are patently absurd. We are too choosy, hard to please, in seeking our life's work. There's plenty to be had, of course, the kind that we all shirk. If this be true (it must be, since our Premier would not lie), How is it that the number of our unemployed is high? Why is it that fine honest men, who'd give their all to win it, Can't find such work, though long they look, we ask you, Mr. Bennett? Relief camps all are filled with men who can't find a position. You may be sure they're not all there just of their own volition. Clean, decent girls, who'd much prefer the meanest slavey's lot, Must walk the streets to get their eats, a job can not be got. It may be that we college folk are simpletons, naive, And by lack of respect to R.B. et al, such master minds we grieve, But we've eyes, and can think, can observe all the facts, And despite all his strutting and poses, R.B.'s policy must change from fine words to real acts. Before we'll accept him as Moses.

"VOX POPULI."

person, male or female, walks past. I am therefore not a student. I am apparently interested in the insignificance of life. I cannot even concentrate.

I wander late into lectures and do my best to show interest in the professor and on the matters being discussed, and yet I find that if anything unusual were to happen, such as the entrance of a dog into the classroom, or should someone fall off a chair, I immediately acquire full use of my faculties. I am a superman once more. Therefore I am not even interested in learning. I am in reality a caveman. I should have been strangled at birth.

It has been said that modern democracy will be doomed to failure when the people of the state cease to show interest in politics. When voters lose hope and find themselves disgusted with the franchise, then there exists truly a sad state of affairs. I find that if this hypothesis is assumed that should all the electors in Canada have my viewpoint, then our fair country would certainly be plunged into a maelstrom of doubt, hesitancy, fear and possible bloodshed.

I am not a Conservative, for it appears to me that although that party is at present in power, they have, in attempting to blast their way into foreign markets, blasted themselves completely out of touch with all mar-

(Continued on Page Six)

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS

Forget how pretty Daphne ran, And turned into a tree, Avoid the shopworn pipes of Pan, Forget Persephone.

Escape the darts of Artemis, Discard the golden fleece, Beware, beware of Helen's kiss, Forget the Gods of Greece.

Catch up with beauty in the street, She's traipsing up and down, Where people talk and shop and eat In any little town.

Pick out your words as you would choose A smart new Easter bonnet; You would not wear old Petrarch's shoes. Why should you write his sonnet?

ROMANCE—1933

By H.W.J.

Across the prairie through the empty night
Come voices, sent from cities far away,
And music, currents of the passing day,
Arriving unseen with the speed of light;
Making my parlor unto a hall,
Where viewless shadows entertain
A Me that minstrels once played for,
As thane;
And whom they still hold bound in thrall.
As I listen on, through timeless space
My imagination journeys far
To distant beginnings on this feeble star,
Far back of all the days that men can trace,
When some fierce brute first learned the grace
Of pleasing sounds in Love and War.

NOTICE, CO-EDS!

There are as yet a number of the members of The Gateway staff who have not received an invitation to the Wauneita. Get your bids in early, as competition is expected to be severe.

The University
Book Store

Which is owned and operated by the University of Alberta, welcomes all new students and former students.

UNIVERSITY
BOOK STORE

Photographs!

YOUR PERSONAL GIFT FOR
CHRISTMAS
OR YOUR YEAR BOOK PICTURE

Why Not Get the Best?
It Costs No More

Alfred Blyth

STUDIO:

10043 102nd ST. PHONE 25767

EDMONTON'S MOST UP-TO-
DATE PHOTOGRAPHIC
ESTABLISHMENT



JOHNSON'S—the leading CAFE

Corner 101st St. and Jasper Ave.

We Invite You to Enjoy
OUR DINING ROOM SERVICE

Phone 27106 for Reservations

CORONA HOTEL

PRINCESS THEATRE

Please Note: Continuous Performance on Saturday
from 2 p.m. to 11 p.m.

SHOWING: SATURDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY
LIONEL BARRYMORE in

"STRANGERS RETURN"

And FAY WRAY in

"The Mystery of the Wax Museum"

COMING: WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY

HIT No. 1

PHIL HARRIS, of "Cocoanut Grove" Fame, and
CHARLIE RUGGLES in

HIT No. 2

MAE WEST in "She Done Him Wrong"

WE SUGGEST EARLY ATTENDANCE

"Melody
Cruise"

Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.UNIVERSITY
STUDENTS

We Can Outfit You
For Every Kind
of Sport

- FOR FOOTBALL
- FOR RUGBY
- FOR BADMINTON
- FOR BASKETBALL
- FOR HIKING OR RIDING
- FOR ANYTHING YOU DESIRE

Visit the Store When You
Come to Town



SASKATCHEWAN WINS MEN'S TRACK TITLE

(Continued from Page Four)
Results of the events are as follows:

Men's Division

100 yards—1, Riley (A); 2, Pantan (S); 3, Armit (S). Time, 10 1-5 sec. Equals the Intercollegiate record.

220 yards—1, Riley (A); 2, Kirkbride (S); 3, Armit (S). Time, 22 3-5 sec.

440 yards—1, Riley (A); 2, Farrell (S); 3, Pantan (S). Time, 52 3-5 sec.

880 yards—1, Rowed (S); 2, Farrell (S); 3, Cruickshank (A). Time, 2 min. 8 1-5 sec.

1 mile—1, Rowed (S); 2, Piercey (A); 3, Kunelius (A). Time, 5 min. 3 4-5 sec.

3 mile—1, Rowed (S); 2, Piercey (A); 3, Kunelius (A). Time, 16 4-5 sec.

Half-mile relay—1, Alberta, Gordon, Malcolm, Pasternack and Riley; 2, Saskatchewan, Pantan, Armit, Kirkbride and Crosby. Time, 1 min. 35 3-5 sec.

120 yards high hurdles—1, Malcolm (A); 2, Kirkbride (S); 3, Woznow (A). Time, 16 4-5 sec.

220 yards low hurdles—1, Malcolm (A); 2, Riley (A); 3, Kirkbride (S). Time, 28 1-5 sec.

Running high jump—1, Pantan (S); 2, Gerry (S); 3, Woznow (A). Height, 5 ft. 1 1/4 in. Broke intercollegiate record.

Running broad jump—1, Crosby (S); 2, Pasternack (A); 3, Kirkpatrick (S). Distance, 20 ft. 1 1/4 in.

Pole vault—1, Kirkbride (S); 2, Cruickshank (A); 3, Gerry (S). Distance, 16 3-5 sec.

Cruickshank and Kirkbride both broke intercollegiate record by jumping 10 ft. 11 in.

Shot-put—1, Kirkpatrick (S); 2, Malcolm (A); 3, Gerry (S). Distance, 37.6 feet.

Hammer—1, Kirkpatrick (S); 2, Millican (A); 3, Tuttle (A). Distance, 116.3 feet.

Discus—1, Kirkpatrick (S); 2, Malcolm (A); 3, Gerry (S). Distance, 116.3 feet.

Javelin—1, Crosby (S); 2, Malcolm (A); 3, Kirkpatrick (S). Distance, 128.8 feet.

Ladies' Division
60 yards—1, Gillespie (A); 2, Wheelock (S); 3, Filipkowski (A). Time, 7 2-5 sec. Tied intercollegiate record.

100 yards—1, Gillespie (A); 2, Wheelock (S); 3, Barnett (A). Time, 11 4-5 sec.

220 yards—1, Gillespie (A); 2, Wheelock (S); 3, Barnett (A). Time, 28 2-5 sec.

440 yards relay—1, Alberta, Freeman, Barnett, Filipkowski, and Gillespie; 2, Saskatchewan, Lewis, Rutherford, Haslam and Wheelock. Time, 57 sec.

Running broad jump—1, Wheelock (S); 2, Gillespie (A); 3, Barnett (A). Distance, 16 ft. 1/4 in.

Running high jump—1, Barnett (A); 2, Rutherford (S); 3, Gillespie (A). Height, 4.6 feet.

Discus—1, Filipkowski (A); 2, Haslam (S). Distance, 76 feet.

Javelin—1, Filipkowski (A); 2, Ford (A); 3, Haslam (S). Distance, 85.4 feet.

Baseball throw—1, Filipkowski (A); 2, Erdman (A); 3, Lewis (S). Distance, 159.4 feet.

TAURUS

RHODES SCHOLARS

Taurus would like to know if there is nothing that can be done about getting representative men sent to Oxford as Rhodes Scholars. In the past, with few exceptions, the successful candidates have been anything but representative of our student body. We have sent athletes, we have sent scholars, we have sent popular mixers, but why in thunder can't we send a man who is a combination of all these virtues? The founder, Sir Cecil Rhodes, stated that the recipients of these most-coveted scholarships must possess all of the above mentioned characteristics.

Alberta, you have many eligible men who would do you credit as your representative, but they do not go over to Europe, and why? Because for one reason, they are not selected by the Committee of Selection when they do allow their names to be put up as candidates, and for another reason because they see what type of men the committee is accustomed to pick, and realizing that they are, to say the least, of a different stamp, they refuse to stand as candidates for the Rhodes Scholarship.

This is indeed a pity. Taurus would suggest that the Committee of Selection, which in the past has been composed of six distinguished men with a total of six votes, should be so changed in constitution as to allow for eight votes in place of the former six. The two other votes would be cast by the head of the Students' Union in accordance with the mandate of the student body at large as expressed in a general vote on the list of candidates. This vote would be held some time before the Committee of Selection met to decide who was to be our Rhodes Scholar. Taurus maintains that this vote of the students would give the committee an idea of how representative each of the respective candidates really was.

The popular vote of the students would count for only two votes out of a total of eight. Thus it could not control the selection, for it would be necessary that three of the committee agree with the popular choice in order that the students' candidate be granted the scholarship.

Taurus knows that this is not a matter to be passed on by the Students' Council, but Taurus respectfully suggests that Mr. Arnold and his very able councillors give the matter some consideration. They might, if they went about tactfully, and who will say that our Union President is not the Prince of Tact, get the Rhodes Scholarship Board to change the system of selecting candidates to such an extent as to embody the above suggestions.

The system of allowing students to vote for their Rhodes Scholar has been done in eastern universities with much success.

While on the subject of scholarships it might be well to point out that the reticence which Alberta students show in applying for any kind of scholarship is childish and unmanly. Taurus contends that the person who feels that there is even the remotest chance of his getting a scholarship should try for it. In Europe scholarships are eagerly sought after by all types of students, and no one would be so ignorant of good form as to criticize a student who tried and failed to get a scholarship. It is only in America, where players and spectators descend to that ignominious and unsportsmanlike practice of "booing" a referee, that such a contemptible attitude could be taken towards a man or woman who failed to get a contested scholarship.

"Must Science and Religion Conflict?" Asks President

STUDENTS' RELIGION FRANKLY DISCUSSED AT SUNDAY SERVICE

Dr. Wallace, President of the University, addressed the first Student Service of the year on Sunday, Oct. 15, in Convocation Hall. The subject chosen, "A Student's Religion," was of interest to everyone, and there was a large attendance. He opened his talk by saying that he remembers his student days perfectly, and underwent many of the difficulties that University students are undergoing today. He implied two things:

(1) That we are all religious—that we are bound to forces outside ourselves.

(2) That a student may have to approach the matter of religion differently than other people because he is a student—he must face intelligent questions of all kinds—he must face the truth.

On entering the University a student finds realms of knowledge that he hardly knew existed. In Science views are found that differ with those he holds when he comes. "What we gain in truth from science," said the speaker, "can best be gained if we realize that this field is limited in its very nature, and beyond that it can tell nothing."

"There are three main methods of approach to the idea of God that we talk on the subject of religion intellectually," declared Dr. Wallace. The first is to understand before we can first one is a very old idea. It is this—the very idea of God implicit in the human mind for all time. In the human mind there have always been ideas of spirits beyond our understanding. The second approach that there must have been a cause or beginning to put the machinery of the universe into motion. The third, that there must be some design in the working out of the universe from beginning to end. There must be some design in nature.

Religion Must Be Practical
Our religion must satisfy our minds as students. It cannot be false in anyway with regard to our intellects. The building up of dogma

throughout the ages is an intellectual step towards religion. This is the first field of religion.

The second field appeals more and more to us as we grow older.

It is the approach of feeling in our religion. The sense of something beyond—infinite, unchangeable, eternal. As we grow older we see the frustration in life more clearly, and we come to find in God a being who understands our frailties.

Then again, our religion must be practical. It is of no value as just a matter of discussion. We must determine ideas and standards to live up to. Religion is true if it is real in the molding of our conduct.

"Religion is an individual thing," Dr. Wallace stated. "Each person must determine for himself the way which will enable him to enter New Jerusalem."

What Is Truth?

In answer to the question "What is truth?" the speaker told his conception of truth. He thinks of it as a large edifice of beautiful design, around it. Some are pushing ahead, and the human race is forever going endeavoring to gain new glimpses of truth; others are lingering to understand and to contemplate one particular phase of truth. There has been one Man who saw Truth clearly. To Him it was reality in life. "He was willing to suffer defeat in this world in order that He might save truth for us," stated the President.

The service was closed with the singing of a hymn and the Processional.

Club Reporter Stumbles Into Big Dramat Scope

LARRY DAVIS ARRANGES INNOVATION

Fresh Class to Present Dramat Night on October 27th

It is a trick of newspaper reporters to drop in on places where things are going on. Quite by accident I was wandering in a daze (quite the usual thing) through the Med Building hunting for a stiff lab. I hadn't the slightest idea where to look, so I started on the bottom floor in order to work up. At a likely-looking door I stopped, opened the door and looked in. All was a deathly silence, and unblinking stiffs sitting in chairs.

I heard someone talking. The voice said, "Let's open the meeting." Gosh, what was going on here? Ah, I had it; it was a C.C.F. political meeting, in which an attempt to convert our ancestors was being made. My reporter's instinct was aroused immediately. I flopped into a back seat and faced the speaker. Who is he? A tall blonde giant with a pleasing accent; surely I've seen him before! Sure I have. I saw him wandering around the halls this morning. It's the president of the Dramatic Club.

Aw, heck! What is this? Only a meeting of the Dramatic Club! What's that? That certainly is news. A concert to be held on October 27th, and the big feature to be one of the famous Stephen Leacock's plays is more news; to supplement the play one or two skits will be given by Freshies, and after the concert a

dance for those taking part. That will be swell, and in order to keep the crowd select a charge of 10c will be made. In order to keep the Sophs, Juniors and Seniors from becoming peeved, the Dramatic Club is going to let some of them be directors, and when these directors are appointed they will call their own rehearsals.

At present there is only one make-up artist, and he is a Freshman. You'd think there would be one or two more offer their services, especially as there are quite a number of Freshettes who have had practice in the fine art.

The broadcasting station, CKUA, the Voice of Varsity, is going to put on several plays this winter over the radio, and a large number of their players must come from the U. of A. A voice test is to be held in the broadcasting studio on Friday of this week at 5 o'clock. All miniature Bing Crosbys, Sherlock Holmes' or Kate Smiths are invited. This is the U. of A. talking, whispering and snoozing reporter signing off.

ENGINEERS WALK WITH GHOST
(Continued from Page One)

breaks on the receiving end of Burke's beautiful forwards, but Lady Luck just didn't arrive. Cook at end did some very nice running and tackling, but the Engineers got the break that meant the win they were working for, another rouge.

Unfortunately Cawker was injured in the first quarter, but we hope to see him in action again. For an interfac game it was well attended. There were just about as many spectators as players, who, once there, found it was more than worth their while to have braved the cold. The play, on the whole, was clean, even though there were fumbles; it was for the most part interesting to watch. Above all, the open play made it possible to see on those twilight hours.

Reg Moir, with the aid of McNeil as boss of the yard-sticks, handled the game with smoothness and dispatch. When the ghost walks again we hope to see you at the grid.

MORE CORRESPONDENCE

October 16, 1933.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In reply to the column in your issue of October 13th headed "Taurus," I would like to write the following observations.

In the first place, this man Taurus must never have been to a Wauneita in his life, because he speaks of "tux laundry" and removing the "cheap" powder from his silk lapel. I would like to inform him that tuxedos are not worn at the Wauneita.

In the second place he is wrong and unfair in his comment on the likeness between the Bastille and Pembina—to quote his words ("into which Bastille you will never be invited for a social evening"). Might I remind him of the Pembina Prance held for the men students by the senior girls in residence—is that not a social evening of the highest order? I personally can assure Taurus that even the failure of the electric lights did not dampen the social ardour of the party.

Although he might have to pay for the soap to wash his face before going to the Wauneita, he must not think that girls can go out to any formal without a heavy expenditure. If I remember the Open Forum debate on Dutch Treats, the young ladies proved to us beyond a doubt that their share of the financial strain caused by a Formal was as heavy as ours. Unless my memory fails me, I think they have to pay heavily for a marcel, stockings (which just such clumsy clods as he are bound to rip), cleaning of shoes (on which he will ride most of the evening), dry cleaning an expensive gown (the back of which he will boorishly soil with his perspiring hand instead of using a handkerchief to protect the delicate silk). Then there is the expense of costly cosmetics—with all due respect to his unfounded remark about cheap powder.

So much for the girls' side of it, which I presume will be dealt with more fully by someone more able to speak authoritatively.

Now, there is his cutting insinuation that all the men are rushing young Freshettes merely because they want a bid to the Wauneita. That is not so. There are hundreds of young men who ask some charming girl to accompany them to Tuck, to shows and to house dances simply because they enjoy the company of the girl, and without any such ulterior motive as he suggests.

Taurus went further, and condemned our "antiquated and foolish" convention of taking the girl to one of the Formals during the year in order to return the compliment. Sir, I would like to ask you what you would think of a man who was so grasping and unscrupulous that he would accept the invitation of a young lady for whom he felt so little regard that he would not love to have the privilege of taking her to another Formal—totally apart from any idea of repayment?

For years just such men as Taurus have cried for Dutch treat, and now he has the nerve to attack the only semblance of Dutch treat we have on the campus. For many girls who live in residence this dance, along with the Pembina Prance, is the only means they have of showing that they appreciate the kindness extended to them by their male admirers.

Girls are naturally bashful and hesitant about inviting a boy to any dance, and Taurus's remarks about repayment, chiselling and gold-digging only add to their natural reluctance.

E. J. McCORMICK.

ANNOUNCING

First Dinner Meeting of the University of Alberta Alumni Association (Edmonton Branch) to be held in Athabasca Hall on Tuesday, October 24th, 1933, at 7 p.m.

Dr. W. H. Alexander, who has just returned from abroad, will speak on "The Kid from Spain."

All graduates and members of the staff are cordially invited. Should you intend to be present, Phone 22131 for reservations. Tickets are 50 cents each.

PHONE 22111

New Low Rates

Jack Hays Ltd.

TAXICABS

HEATED PACKARD SEDANS

DRIVURSELF CARS

10056 101st Street

DR. ALEXANDER SCORES ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Continued from Page One)

becomes conscience struck and is liable to reverse her judgment. He expressed the opinion that the misunderstanding in India is due chiefly to the influence of the teachings of the English public school.

Indifferent to Canada

The English seem to have forgotten about Canada and they take relatively very little interest in this country. The reason for this is that the English considered themselves swindled on the G.T.P., and they feel affronted that Canadians go to New York for loans rather than London.

The learned doctor remarked at this point that he would not express his views on the gold standard and the integrity of this country, as he felt that that point had been sufficiently well covered in the past few days.

"Conditions do not look hopeful in England in many respects," he said. "The coal industry is diminishing, and there are no signs of a return to former schedules. Shipbuilding languishes with no hope of a revival, and the cotton industry is in a sorry state. Even in the event of good times, there is not much hope of reducing unemployment below one and a-half million."

"However, the traveller to England is struck by the immense accumulated wealth and the large amount of sparsely settled land."

Dole Defended

The Doctor then turned our thoughts towards the dole system, and mentioned that despite its abuses it is a very good form of unemployment insurance. The dole system is a sign that England realizes it has certain duties to perform to the community. The unemployed hold the status of the reserves of industry, and are treated and recognized as such.

In conclusion, Dr. Alexander stated that England's magnificent gesture about her willingness to pay her debts was perhaps more histrionic than wise. England is unwillingly finding herself becoming European, a condition which she wishes to avoid. For all that, the doctor asserted his love for England, and warned us that the world would be in a very sorry state indeed if England were suddenly spirited away.

M. Sonet thanked the speaker, and opened the meeting for discussion.

Meeting Thrown Open

After some of the statements made by Dr. Alexander, it would be strange indeed if there were no objections and counter speeches. Mr. Cameron contested the statements about the C3 population and the public school boys, and he was upheld on these points by Mr. Davis, Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Rowan.

This address was certainly one of the best that has been presented, and was very well attended indeed. Many professors, lawyers, doctors and students were noticed in the crowded hall, and it is to be hoped that the future meetings will be as well and as enthusiastically attended.

DANCING

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

TIVOLI

10-PIECE ORCHESTRA

Parties may reserve tables at no extra charge

Refreshments are now being served

ADMISSION

Tuesday and Thursdays

Gentlemen 25c, Ladies 15c

Saturdays

Gentlemen 35c, Ladies 25c

Phone 21522 or 22808

Steen's Drug Store

10912 88th Ave.

(At the Car Line)

Phone 31456. We Deliver

Wild Root Wave Powder (for Finger Waving) 35c

Peroxine Powder, for removal and prevention of Blackheads, reg. \$1, Special 50c

Modess.....25c, 2 for 49c

Dr. West's Tooth Paste, per tube.....25c, 2 for 43c

Colgate's Tooth Paste, tube 25c 2 for 43c.

Palm Olive Shaving Cream, now.....25c

Wampole's Extract Cod Liver. Price.....\$1.00

Support the
Year Book

"EVERGREEN and GOLD"

and have your photo
taken early at the

University Studio

DEPARTMENT OF EXTENSION

COUGHLIN'S
The Capitol
BEAUTY PARLORS
Edmonton's Oldest and Largest
Permanent Waving Staff

EXPERT WORKMANSHIP
REASONABLE PRICES
Garneau
Shoe Repair
10917A 88th Avenue

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS

(Continued from Page Five)

France, alarmed by the aggressive tactics of her erstwhile enemy, refuses to scale down her armaments to the same level as those of Germany so long as there remains the slightest doubt as to the motives of the latter. The result is a vicious cycle which begins and ends nowhere.

(Continued next week)

AM I A MISFIT?

(Continued from Page Five)

kets. Nor do I approve of Liberalism; it is a wolf in sheep's clothing, too hypocritical, too hopeless in practice. The C.C.F., although young and promising, seems too nebulous and too Utopian. The U.F.A. is too implicated in domestic affairs to be much interested in foreign relations. I am therefore a renegade, a worthy subject of ostracism, a person with no patriotism or loyalty.

Last spring I left Varsity with all the determination of youth and with all the confidence that usually accompanies vigorous manhood, to earn enough money for my present term. My expectations were shortlived, perhaps I was too zealous; nevertheless, despite the fact that there existed, and still exist, according to Mr. Bennett, plenty of work, I am today practically insolvent. Therefore I am too "choosy." I have not the true proletarian desire for labor. I am not a rugged individualist.

And so it seems to me that the more I investigate the more hopeless becomes the whole situation. Possibly I am too critical, possibly the world is wrong and I am right. Make your own decision.

Edmonton Hat Cleaners

And Shoe Shine Parlors

We clean and block hats satisfactorily

Ladies' and Gentlemen's

Hats of any kind made

larger or smaller

Country orders solicited too.

We have been in business for 18 years

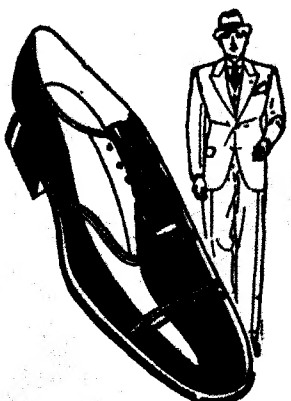
Phone 26934. 10121 101st St.

St. Joseph's College
CAFETERIA

First Class Food

Well Prepared

DON'T HAVE YOUR
GOOD SPIRITS
RUINED BY
MISFIT SHOES



Style alone isn't enough in shoes. With style, you must have correct fit... perfect comfort. And that's what you get in

"FIVE DOLLAR" BILL SHOES

\$5.00

STERLING SHOES, LTD.

10125 101st Street

Phone 27433